LITERARY EXAMINER.

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THE INDICATOR.

No. LXXVIII.

There he arriving, round about doth fly, And takes survey with busic, curious eye, Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.—Spenser.

MY BOOKS .- (Concluded.)

I LOVE an author the more for having been himself a lover of books. The idea of an ancient library perplexes our sympathy by its map-like volumes, rolled upon cylinders. Our imagination cannot take kindly to a yard of wit, or to thirty inches of moral observation, rolled out like linen in a draper's shop. But we conceive of Plato as of a lover of books;—of Aristotle certainly; of Plutarch, Pliny, Horace, Julian, and Marcus Aurelius. Virgil too must have been one; and, after a fashion, Martial. May I confess, that the passage which I recollect with the greatest pleasure in Cicero, is where he says that books delight us at home, and are no impediment abroad, travel with us, ruralize with us. His period is rounded off to some purpose:-" Delectant domi, non impediunt foris, peregrinantur rusticantur." I am so much of this opinion, that I do not care to be any where without having a book or books at hand, and like Dr. Arkborne in the novel of Camilla, stuff the coach or post-chaise with them whenever I travel.—As books however become ancient, the love of them becomes more unequivocal and conspicuous. The ancients had little of what we call learning. made it. They were also no very eminent buyers of books;—they made books for posterity. It is true, that it is not at all necessary to love many books, in order to love them much. The scholar in Chaucer who would rather have

> At his beddes head A twenty bokes, clothed in black and red, Of Aristotle and his philosophy Than robes rich, or fiddle, or psaltery,—

doubtless beat all our modern collectors in his real passion for reading. But books must at least exist, and have acquired an eminence, before their lovers can make themselves known. There must be a possession also to perfect the communion: and the mere contact is much, even when our mistress speaks an unknown language. Dante puts Homer, the great ancient, in his Elysium, upon trust; but a few years afterwards, Homer, the book, made its appearance in Italy; and Petrarch, in a transport put it upon his bookshelves, where he adored it like "the unknown God." Petrarch ought to be the God of the Bibliomaniacs, for he was a collector and a man of genius, which is an union that

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does not often happen. He copied out, with his own precious hand, the manuscripts he rescued from time, and then produced others for time to reverence. With his head upon a book he died. Boccaccio, his friend, was another: nor can one look upon the longest and most tiresome works he wrote (for he did write some tiresome ones, in spite of the gaiety of his Decameron) without thinking, that in that resuscitation of the world of letters, it must have been natural to a man of genius, to add to the existing stock of volumes, at whatsoever price. I always pitch my completest idea of a lover of books either in these dark ages, as they are called,

(Cui cieco a torto il cieco volgo appella—)

or in the gay town days of Charles II. or a little afterwards. In both times, the portrait comes out by the force of contrast. In the first, I imagine an age of iron warfare and energy, with solitary retreats, in which the monk, or the hooded scholar, walks forth to meditate, his precious volume under his arm. In the other, I have a triumphant example of the power of books and wit to contest the victory with sensual pleasure; Rochester staggering home to pen a satire in the style of Monsieur Boileau; Butler cramming his jolly duodecimo with all the learning that he laughed at; and a new race of book poets come up, who, in spite of their periwigs or petit-maitres, talk as romantically of "the Bays," as if they were priests of Delphos. It was a victorious thing in books to beguile even the French of their egotism, or at least to share it with them. Nature never pretended to do as much. And here is the difference between the two ages; or between any two ages in which genius and art predominate. In the one, books are loved, because they are the records of nature and her energies: in the other, because they are the records of those records; or evidences of the importance of the individuals, and proofs of our descent in the new and imperishable aristocracy. This is the reason why rank (with few exceptions) is so jealous of literature, and loves to appropriate or withhold the honours of it, as if they were so many toys and ribbons like its own. It has an instinct that the two pretensions are incompatible. When Montaigne (a real lover of books) affected the order of St. Michael, and pleased himself with possessing that fugitive little piece of importance, he did it because he would pretend to be above nothing that he really felt, or that was felt by men in general: but at the same time he vindicated his natural superiority over this weakness by praising and loving all higher and lasting things, and by placing his best glory in doing homage to the geniuses that had gone before him. He did not endeavour to think that an immortal renown was a fashion like that of the cut of his scarf; or that by undervaluing the one, he should go shining down to posterity in the other, perpetual lord of Montaigne and of the ascendant.

There is a period of modern times, at which the love of books appears to have been of a more decided nature than at either of these: I mean the age just before and after the Reformation, or rather all that period when book-writing was confined to the learned languages. Erasmus is the god of it. Bacon, a mighty book-man, saw, among his other sights, the great advantage of loosening the vernacular tongue; and wrote both Latin and English. I allow this is the greatest closeted age of books,—of old scholars sitting in dusty studies,—of heaps of

"illustrious obscure," rendering themselves more illustrious and more obscure by retreating from the "thorny queaches" of Dutch and German names, into the "vacant interlunar caves" of appellations latinized or translated. I think I see all their volumes now, filling all the shelves of a dozen German convents. The authors are bearded men, sitting in old wood cuts in caps and gowns, and their books are dedicated to princes and statesmen as illustrious as themselves. old friend Wierus, who wrote a thick book De Præstigiis Dæmonum, was one of them, and had a fancy worthy of his sedentary stomach. will confess, once for all, that I have a liking for them all. It is my link with the Bibliomaniacs, whom I admit into our relationship, because my love is large, and my family pride nothing. But still I take my idea of books read with a gusto, of companions for bed and board, from the two ages before mentioned. The other is of too book-worm a description. There must be both a judgment and a fervour; a discrimination and a boyish eagerness; and (with all due humility) something of a point of contact between authors worth reading and the reader. How can I take Juvenal into the fields, or Valcarenghius De Aorta Aneurismate to bed with me? How could I expect to walk before the face of nature with the one? to tire my elbow properly with the other, before I put out my candle, and turn round deliciously on the right side. Or how could I stick up Coke upon Lyttleton against something on the dinner table, and be divided between a fresh paragraph and a mouthful of salad?

I take our four great English poets to have all been fond of reading. Milton and Chaucer proclaim themselves for hard sitters at books. Spenser's reading is evident by his learning; and if there were nothing else to show for it in Shakspeare, his retiring to his native town, long before old age, would be a proof of it. It is impossible for a man to live in solitude without such assistance, unless he is a metaphysician or mathematician, or the dullest of mankind: and any country town would be solitude to Shakespeare, after the bustle of a metropolis and a theatre. Doubtless he divided his time between his books, and his bowling green, and his daughter Susanna. It is pretty certain also, that he planted, and rode on horseback; and there is evidence of all sorts to make it clear, that he must have occasionally joked with the blacksmith, and stood godfather for his neighbour's children. Chaucer's account of himself must be quoted for the delight and sympathy of all true readers:—

And as for me, though that I can but lite,
On bookes for to rede I me delite,
And to hem yeve I faith and full credence,
And in mine herte have hem in reverence
So hertely, that there is game none,
That fro my bookes maketh me to gone,
But it is seldome on the holy daie;
Save certainly whan that the month of May
Is comen, and that I hear the foules sing,
And that the floures ginnen for to spring,
Farewell my booke, and my devocion,

And again in the second book of his "House of Fame," where the eagle addresses him:—

At night full oft thine head to ake,

And in thy study so thou writest, And evermore of Love enditest, In honour of him and his praisings, And in his folkes furtherings, And in his matter all devisest, And not him ne his folke despisest, Although thou mayest go in the daunce Of hem, that him list not advance; Therefore as I said, ywis, Jupiter considerth well this, And also, beausire, of other things; That is, thou hast no tidings Of Lovès folke, if they be glade, Ne of nothing else that God made, And not only fro ferre countree, But no tidings commen to thee, Not of thy very neighbouris, That dwellen almost at thy dores; Thou hearest neither that ne this, For whan thy labour all done is, And hast made all thy rekenings,* Instead of rest and of new things, Thou goest home to thine house anone, And all so dombe as anie stone, Thou sittest at another booke, Till fully dazed is thy looke.

After I think of the bookishness of Chaucer and Milton, I always make a great leap to Prior and Fenton. Prior was first noticed when a boy by Lord Dorset, sitting in his uncle's tavern, and reading Horace. He describes himself years after when Secretary of Embassy at Hague, as taking the same author with him in the Saturday's chaise, in which he and his mistress used to escape from town cares into the country, to the admiration of Dutch beholders. Fenton was a martyr to contented scholarship (including a sirloin and a bottle of wine) and died. among his books, of inactivity. "He rose late," says Johnson, "and when he had risen sat down to his books and papers. A woman that once waited on him in a lodging, told him, as she said, that he would "lie a-bed and be fed with a spoon." He must have had an enviable liver, if he was happy. I must own (if my conscience would let me) that I should like to lead, half the year, just such a life (woman included, though not that woman) the other half being passed in the fields and woods, with a cottage just big enough to hold us. Dacier and his wife had a pleasant time of it. Both fond of books, both scholars, both amiable, both wrapt up in the ancient world, and helping one another at their tasks. If they were not happy, matrimony would be a rule even without an exception. Pope does not strike me as being a book man. He was curious rather than enthusiastic; more nice than wise. He dabbled in modern Latin poetry, which is a bad symptom. Swift was decidedly a reader. The Tale of a Tub, in its fashion as well as substance, is the work of scholarly wit. The Battle of the Books is the fancy of a lover of libraries. Addison and Steele were too much given up to Button's and the town. Periodical writing, though its demands seem otherwise, is not favourable to reading; it becomes too much a matter of business; and will either be attended to at the expence of the writer's books; or books, the very admonishers of his industry, will

^{*} Chaucer at this time had an office under the Government.

make him idle. Besides, a periodical work, to be suitable to its character, and warrant its regular recurrence, must involve something of a gossiping nature, and proceed upon experiences familiar to the existing community, or at least likely to be received by them in consequence of some previous tinge of inclination. You do not pay weekly visits to your friends to lecture them, whatever good you may do their minds. There will be something compulsory in reading the Ramblers. as there is in going to church. Addison and Steele undertook to regulate the minor morals of society, and effected a world of good with which scholarship had little to do. Gray was a book man. He wished to be always lying on sofas, reading "eternal new novels of Crebillon and Mariyaux." This is a true hand. The elaborate and scientific look of the rest of his reading was owing to the necessity of employing himself. He had not health and spirits for the literary voluptuousness he desired. Collins, for the same reason, could not employ himself; he was obliged to dream over Arabian Tales, to let the light of the supernatural world half in upon his eyes. "He loved" (as Johnson says, in that strain of music, inspired by tenderness,) faries, genii, giants, and monsters; he delighted to rove through the meanders of inchantment, to gaze on the magnificence of golden palaces, to repose by the waterfalls of Elysian gardens." If Collins had had a better constitution, I do not believe that he would have written his projected work upon the Restoration of Literature, fit as he was by scholarship for the task; but he would have been the greatest poet since the days of Milton. If his friend Thomas Warton had had a little more of his delicacy of organization, the love of books would almost have made him a poet. His edition of the minor poems of Milton is a wilderness of sweets. It is the only one, in which a true lover of the original can pardon an exuberance of annotation; though, I confess, I am inclined enough to pardon any notes that resemble it, however nu-The "builded rhyme" stands at the top of the page, like a fair edifice, with all sorts of flowers and fresh waters at its foot. The young poet lives there, served by the nymphs and fauns.

Hinc atque hinc glomerantur oreades.
Huc ades, o formose puer: tibi lilia plenis
Ecce ferunt nymphæ calathis: tibi candida Nais
Pallentes violas et summa papavera carpens,
Narcissum et florem jungit bene olentis anethi.

Among the old writers I must not forget Ben Jonson and Donne. Cowley has been already mentioned. His boyish love of books, like all the other inclinations of his early life, stuck to him to the last; which is the greatest reward of virtue. I would mention Izaak Walton, if I had not a grudge against him. His brother fishermen, the divines, were also great fishers of books. I have a grudge against them and their divinity. They talked much of the devil and divine right, and yet forgot what Shakespear says of the devil's friend Nero, that he is "an angler in the lake of darkness." Selden was called "the walking library of our nation." It is not the pleasantest idea of him; but the library included poetry and wit, as well as heraldry and the Jewish doctors. His Table Talk is equally pithy and pleasant, and truly worthy of the name, for it implies other speakers. Indeed it was actually what it is called, and treasured up by his friends. Selden

wrote complimentary verses to his friends the poets, and a commentary on Drayton's Polyolbion. Drayton was himself a reader, addicted to all the luxuries of scholarship. Chapman sat among his books, like

an astrologer among his spheres and altitudes.

How pleasant it is to reflect that all these lovers of books have themselves become books! What better metamorphosis could Pythagoras have desired! How Ovid and Horace exulted in anticipating theirs! And how the world have justified their exultation! They had a right to triumph over brass and marble. It is the only visible change which changes no further; which generates, and yet is not destroyed. Consider: mines themselves are exhausted; cities perish; kingdoms are swept away, and man weeps with indignation to think that his own body is not immortal.

Muoiono le città, muoiono i regni, E l'uom d'esser mortal par che si sdegni.

Yet this little body of thought that lies before me in the shape of a book has existed thousands of years; nor since the invention of the press, can any thing short of an universal convulsion of nature, abolish it. To a shape like this, so small, yet so comprehensive, so slight, yet so lasting, so insignificant, yet so venerable, turns the mighty activity of Homer, and so turning, is enabled to live and warm us for ever. To a shape like this turns the placid sage of Academus: to a shape like this the grandeur of Milton, the exuberance of Spenser, the pungent elegance of Pope, and the volatility of Prior. In one small room, like the compressed spirits of Milton, can be gathered together

The assembled souls of all that men held wise.

May I hope to become the meanest of these existences? This is a question which every author, who is a lover of books, asks himself some time in his life; and which must be pardoned, because it cannot be helped. I know not. I cannot exclaim with the poet,

Oh that my name were numbered among theirs, Then gladly would I end my mortal days.

For my mortal days, few and feeble as the rest of them may be, are of consequence to others. But I should like to remain visible in this shape. The little of myself that pleases myself, I could wish to be accounted worth pleasing others. I should like to survive so, were it only for the sake of those who love me in private, knowing as I do what a treasure is the possession of a friend's mind, when he is no more. At all events, nothing, while I live and think, can deprive me of my value for such treasures. I can help the appreciation of them while I last, and love them till I die; and perhaps, if fortune turns her face once more in kindness upon me before I go, I may chance, some quiet day, to lay my over-beating temples on a book, and so have the death I most envy.

REVIEW OF BOOKS.

Don Juan. Cantos VI. VII. and VIII.

[Concluded.]

We observed in our last number that the transition from the sixth to the seventh canto of Don Juan was one from love to war. In accordance with this change, the poet opens the latter with an apostrophe to Love and Glory, in some small disparagement of the intrinsic value of both; and aware of the tenor of much grave censure of his frequent exhibition of the risus sardonicus at the mention of human sublimity, he thus breaks out:—

They accuse me—Me—the present writer of
The present poem—of—I know not what,—
A tendency to under-rate and scoff
At human power and virtue, and all that;
And this they say in language rather rough.
Good God! I wonder what they would be at!
I say no more than has been said in Dante's
Verse, and by Solomon and by Cervantes:

Verse, and by Solomon and by Cervantes;
By Swift, by Machiavel, by Rochefoucault,
By Fenelon, by Luther, and by Plato;
By Tillotson, and Wesley, and Rousseau,
Who knew this life was not worth a potato.
'Tis not their fault, nor mine, if this be so—
For my part, I pretend not to be Cato,
Nor even Diogenes.—We live and die,
But which is best, you know no more than I.

Ecclesiastes said, that all is vanity—
Most modern preachers say the same, or show it
By their examples of true Christianity;
In short, all know, or very soon may know it;
And in this scene of all-confessed inanity,
By saint, by sage, by preacher, and by poet,
Must I restrain me, through the fear of strife,
From holding up the Nothingness of life?

After a little more expatiation in this strain, the author states that he is

About to batter

A town which did a famous siege endure,
And was beleaguer'd both by land and water
By Suvaroff, or anglice Suwarrow,
Who loved blood as an Alderman loves marrow.

This fortress is Ismail, the locality and fortified state of which he proceeds to describe, as also the situation of the Russian flotilla before it; gravely observing upon various heroes

Whose names want nothing but-pronunciation.

Still I'll record a few, if but to encrease
Our euphony;—there was Strongenoff and Strokonoff,
Meknop, Serge Lwdw, Arseniew of modern Greece,
And Tschitsshakoff, and Roguenoff, and Chokenoff,
And others of twelve consonants a-piece;
And more might be found out, if I could poke enough
Into Gazettes; but fame (capricious strumpet)
It seems, has got an ear as well as trumpet.

Other heroes, volunteers in this gallant army, are then celebrated; and, among the rest, certain Smiths, Thomsons, and Johnsons, of England; after which the result is detailed of some unskilful and blunder-

ing attempts of the Russians upon Ismail previous to the appointment of Suwarrow. In the way to the latter incident, we encounter the following characteristic allusion to the Russian minion and satrap Potemkin:—

There was a man, if that he was a man,
Not that his manhood could be called in question,
For had he not been Hercules, his span
Had been as short in youth, as indigestion
Made his last illness, when, all worn and wan,
He died beneath a tree, as much unblest on
The soil of the green province he had wasted,
As e'er was locust on the land it blasted.

This was Potemkin—a great thing in days.

When homicide and harlotry made great;
If stars and titles could entail long praise,

His glory might half equal his estate.

This fellow being six foot high, could raise

A kind of phantasy proportionate
In the then Sovereign of the Russian people,
Who measured men as you would do a steeple.

Potemkin gave the command of the besieging force to Suwarrow, with a brief order to take the place "at any price."

"Let there be light! said God, and there was light!"

"Let there be blood!" says man, and there's a sea!

The fiat of this spoiled child of Night

(For Day ne'er saw his merits) could decree

More evil in an hour, than thirty bright

Summers could renovate, though they should be

Lovely as those which ripened Eden's fruit.

The whole camp rung with joy:
And why? because a little, odd, old man,
Stript to his shirt, was come to lead the van.

It is a known fact, that Suwarrow, one of the most singular compounds of humanity that ever existed, would personally enact the corporal, and drill his common men, in which occupation he is thus pourtrayed:—

Suwarrow chiefly was on the alert,
Surveying, drilling, ordering, jesting, pondering,
For the man was, we safely may assert,
A thing to wonder at beyond most wondering;
Hero, buffoon, half-demon, and half-dirt,
Praying, instructing, desolating, plundering;
Now Mars, now Momus; and when bent to storm
A fortress, Harlequin in uniform.

While thus engaged, some Cossacks bring in a small party of prisoners in Tartar habits, consisting of Juan, his English friend Johnson, (who had been formerly in the Russian service) two ladies, and an individual who scarcely claimed any sex. Johnson being known to Suwarrow, is favourably received; and at his recommendation a command is bestowed on Juan. As to the females, they are ordered to the baggage-waggons with very little ceremony. The canto ends with the Russian nocturnal preparations for the attack:—

Hark! through the silence of the cold, dull night,
The hum of armies gathering rank on rank!
Lo! dusky masses steal in dubious sight
Along the leaguered wall and bristling bank
Of the armed river, while with straggling light
The stars peep through the vapours dim and dank,
Which curl in curious wreaths—How soon the smoke
Of Hell shall pall them in a deeper cloak!

Canto VIII. commences with some pleasant prefatory reflections on the subject of war, in the peculiar manner of the author, in the course of which the bard Wordsworth receives a somewhat deep incision from the Byronian lancet, for saying what it seems is not blasphemy in the vicinity of the Lakes,—that Carnage is the Daughter of God;—" as pretty a pedigree for murder," says the poet, "as ever was found out by Garter King at Arms.—What would have been said had any free-spoken person discovered such a lineage?"

We will not dwell upon the variety of circumstance attendant on the assault of Ismail; its alternation of light and shade, humour and pathos, interspersed with the personal adventures of Juan and others. We cannot however refrain from alluding to one digression, which is truly characteristic, being neither more nor less than a panegyric on the peculiar taste and habits of General Boon, "backwoodsman of Kentucky," and on the aboriginal race whom that singular veteran would alone allow to elbow him in the wilderness, of whom the poet observes—

Motion was in their days, Rest in their slumbers,
And Cheerfulness the handmaid of their toil;
Nor yet too many nor too few their numbers;
Corruption could not make their hearts her soil;
The Lust which stings, the Splendour which encumbers,
With the free foresters divide no spoil;
Serene, not sullen, were the solitudes
Of this unsighing people of the woods.

This eccentric sally, cased up in the equivocal panoply of Rousseau, we apprehend is introduced for the benefit of contrast with a certain description of civilization, which is forcibly exhibited in the following stanza:—

So much for Nature:—by way of variety,
Now back to thy great joys, Civilization!
And the sweet consequence of large society,
War, Pestilence, the despot's desolation,
The kingly scourge, the Lust of Notoriety,
The millions slain by soldiers for their ration,
The scenes like Catharine's boudoir at three-score,
With Ismail's storm to soften it the more.

The entry into the town is then narrated, and several incidents congenial with so bloody a business, under so bloody a leader, most spiritedly sketched. One adventure we shall relate, being told in the Preface that it really occurred to the late Duke of Richelieu, it is here given to Juan:—

And one good action in the midst of crimes
Is "quite refreshing," in the affected phrase
Of these ambrosial, Pharisaic times,
With all their pretty milk-and-water ways,
And may serve therefore to bedew these rhymes,
A little scorched at present with the blaze
Of conquest and its consequences, which
Make Epic poesy so rare and rich.

Upon a taken bastion where there lay
Thousands of slaughtered men, a yet warm group
Of murdered women, who had found their way
To this vain refuge, made the good heart droop
And shudder;—while, as beautiful as May,
A female child of ten years tried to stoop
And hide her little palpitating breast
Amidst the bodies lulled in bloody rest.

Two villainous Cossacques pursued the child

With flashing eyes and weapons:-matched with them

The rudest brute that roams Siberia's wild Has feelings pure and polished as a gem,—

The bear is civilized, the wolf is mild:

And whom for this at last must we condemn? Their natures? or their sovereigns, who employ All arts to teach their subjects to destroy?

Their sabres glittered o'er her little head, Whence her fair hair rose twining with affright, Her hidden face was plunged amidst the dead:

When Juan caught a glimpse of this sad sight,

I shall not say exactly what he said,

Because it might not solace "ears polite;" But what he did, was to lay on their backs, The readiest way of reasoning with Cossacques.

One's hip he slash'd, and split the others shoulder,
And drove them with their brutal yells to seek
If there might be chirurgeons who could solder
The wounds they richly merited, and shriek
Their baffled rage and pain; while waxing colder
As he turned o'er each pale and gory cheek,

Don Juan raised his little captive from The heap a moment more had made her tomb.

And she was chill as they, and on her face
A slender streak of blood announced how near
Her fate had been to that of all her race;

For the same blow that laid her mother here, Had scarred her brow, and left its crimson trace As the last link with all that she held dear;

But else unhurt, she opened her large eyes, And gazed on Juan with a wild surprise.

Just at this instant, while their eyes were fixed Upon each other with dilated glance, In Juan's look, pain, pleasure, hope, fear, mixed

With joy to save, and dread of some mischance Unto his protégée; while her's, transfixed With infant terrors, glared as from a trance, A pure, transparent, pale, yet radiant face,

Like to a lighted alabaster vase;

At this moment Juan is accosted by his friend Johnson, who urges the necessity of rejoining the combatants. The former, however, will not desert his charge until she is safely bestowed; and then hastens with the rest to attack a venerable Tartar Khan, who surrounded by five valiant sons, receives the assailants as the waves are received by a rock of the ocean. The object is to take him alive, but as he disdains capitulation, the final fate of himself and sons is powerfully described. Ismail is at length taken, and an historic fact most emphatically versified:

Suwarrow now was conqueror—a match
For Timour or for Zinghis in his trade.
While mosques and streets, beneath his eyes, like thatch
Blazed, and the cannon's roar was scarce allayed,
With bloody hands he wrote his first dispatch;
And here exactly follows what he said:—
"Glory to God and to the Empress!" (Powers
Eternal! such names mingled!) "Ismail's our's!"

· " In the original Russian :-

" Slava bogu! slava vam!
" Krepost Vzala, y ia tam."—

A kind of couplet; for he was a poet."

He wrote this Polar melody, and set it,

Duly accompanied by shrieks and groans,

Which few will sing, I trust, but none forget it,—

For I will teach, if possible, the stones

To rise against Earth's tyrants. Never let it

Be said that we still truckle unto thrones;—

But ye—our children's children! think how we

Showed what things were before the world was free!

The canto closes very characteristically with four more stanzas, the last two of which inform us that Juan is accompanied by his little Moslem captive; the two former, which indicate a Russian field of action for the cantos that are speedily to follow those under review, we supply:—

With which I still can harp, and carp, and fiddle.

What further hath befallen or may befal
The hero of this grand poetic riddle,
I by and bye may tell you, if at all:
But now I choose to break off in the middle,
Worn out with battering Ismail's stubborn wall,
While Juan is sent off with the dispatch,
For which all Petersburgh is on the watch.
This special honour was conferred, because
He had behaved with courage and humanity;—
Which last, men like, when they have time to pause
From their ferocities produced by vanity.
His little captive gained him some applause,
For saving her amidst the wild insanity

Of carnage; and I think he was more glad in her

Safety, than his new order of St. Vladimir.

And here, after dispatching a brace of cantos, as illustrative of the copiousness of its author as any which have preceded them, we arrive at another pause in this anomalous and extraordinary production. Of this fertility we think our extracts will form a tolerably convincing proof, although amounting to only twenty-two stanzas, out of two hundred and seventy-eight. It is evident, indeed, that the author is bounded by no limits but his own inclination. Juan is scarcely a man at present, and his maturity may be rendered a perfect cornucopia; to say nothing of the great convenience of a medium through which the noble author can with such ease and nonchalance pay off the numerous scores which folly, bigotry, and cant are eternally chalking up to his account—a vehicle in which, with a combination altogether his own, he can mingle rue and wormwood with myrtles and roses—interweave in the same garland, the most delicate blossoms of the spring with the enduring oak and evergreen bay.

[These three Cantos, 6th, 7th, and 8th, form the Volume about to be published; but there are two more Volumes to follow in succession at short intervals, of which we shall speedily commence an account.]

Characteristics, in the Manner of Rochefoucault's Maxims.

The author of this little volume observes, that it was suggested by a perusal of Rochefoucault's Maxims, which inspired him with an ambition to inclose some thoughts of his own within a similar species of amber. The merit of the execution is various, but generally speaking, the dissimilarity to the model consists in its greater air of candour and bonhommie; and in the intrusion of inferences, which are less the result of general observation than of personal experience. The first of these

differences implies a less portion of brilliancy and pointedness, and the latter of concentration and abstraction. Upon the whole, we are not quite sure that the single advantage claimed over Rochefoucault (whose principle the author opposes) that of having had no theory to maintain, is in reference to epigram and polish to be so regarded, especially as the theory of Rochefoucault is almost an epigram in itself, and at all events, connected with trains of associations which must eternally lead the espousers of it to think epigrams. There may be more general wisdom in the absence of a theory, but there is possibly less opportunity for flint and steel work-light and particular collision, which is often more spiritedly sported in defence of paradox than of simple truth; and, in many respects, Rochefoucault's principle of self love is paradox alone. One proof of the benefit accruing to the French writer from his apparent shackles, is to be found in the curious fact, that some of the most pointed thoughts in the present work, are those which seem the most congenial with his doctrine: as for instance:—

The surest way to make ourselves agreeable to others is by seeming to think them so. If we appear fully sensible of their good qualities, they will not complain of the want of them in us.

We often choose a friend as we do a mistress, for no particular excellence in themselves, but merely from some circumstance that flatters our self-love.

We talk little, if we do not talk about ourselves.

But sufficient in allusion to the model; we will now quote a general specimen or two:—

The study of metaphysics has this advantage, at least—it promotes a certain integrity and uprightness of understanding, which is a cure for the spirit of lying. He who has devoted himself to the discovery of truth feels neither pride nor pleasure in the invention of falsehood, and cannot condescend to any such paltry expedient. If you find a person given to vulgar shifts and rhodomontade, and who at the same time tells you he is a metaphysician, do not believe him.

The expression of a Frenchman's face is often as melancholy when he is by himself, as it is lively in conversation. The instant he ceases to talk, he becomes "quite

chop-fallen."

We almost tremble at the insertion of the following positions of our English Misogug:—

Women have as little imagination as they have reason. They are pure egotists. They cannot go out of themselves. There is no instance of a woman having done any thing great in poetry or philosophy. They can act tragedy, because this depends very much on the physical expression of the passions—they can sing, for they have flexible throats and nice ears—they can write romances about love—and talk for ever about nothing.

Women are not philosophers or poets, patriots, moralists, or politicians—they are

simply women.

Shakspeare makes a voluble satirist speak of the wits "keen as the razor's edge invisible," of some of these no-poets, patriots, and philosophers who are simply women, and with such, we suspect, the foregoing passage will not pass without a shrewd inference or two. There is however some redemption in the following:—

Women are less cramped by circumstances or education than men. They are more the creatures of nature and impulse, and less cast in the mould of habit or prejudice. If a young man and woman in common life are seen walking out together on a holiday, the girl has the advantage in point of air and dress. She has a greater aptitude in catching external accomplishments and the manners of her superiors, and is less depressed by a painful consciousness of her situation in life. A Quaker girl is often as sensible and conversable as any other woman: while a Quaker man is a bundle of quaint opinions and conceit. Women are not spoiled by education and an affectation of superior wisdom. They take their chance for wit and shrewd-

Their faculties (such as they are) shoot out freely and gracefully, like the slender trees in a forest; and are not clipped and cut down, as the understandings of men are, into uncouth shapes and distorted fancies, like yew-trees in an old-fashioned garden. Women in short resemble self-taught men, with more pliancy and delicacy of feeling.

The author of Characteristics will discover himself to the general reader almost the moment he opens the book; and any body acquainted with the characteristics of Mr. Hazlitt will be aware that he cannot characteristically dispose of four hundred and thirty-four thoughts without thinking for the amusement and information of other people. His vinous spirit is certainly not so highly rectified as that of Rochefoucault, and the flavour of the stalk is too frequently perceptible; but what it loses in concentration and unity, it gains in raciness and variety, and will be proportionably attractive.

Memoirs of the Reign of Napoleon, dictated to the Generals Gourgaud and Montholon.

The Manuscript of 1814, a History of Events which led to the Abdication of Napoleon; written at the command of the Emperor, by Baron Fain.

It is singular enough that an exile and captivity which was evidently intended to interpose as thick a veil as possible between Napoleon, personally considered, and posterity, should have tended directly to a different result. It cannot for a moment be doubted, that the residence of this extraordinary individual at St. Helena, in a species of custody which, however far from nationally liberal or honourable, could not, from the nature of things, be made, like a Siberian residence or a German fortress, to quash his existence, will tend to render his history far better known than if he had been allowed to remain in Europe. In what a variety of ways is the unspeakable blessing of liberty beneficial! For without a free press, and a free people in Great Britain—(America is too far off)—how much matter-of-fact would be lost to the world! Looking at this dictation of Napoleon with what eyes we may, it is evident that posterity will regard them as valuable documents. Had the Government of Great Britain been despotic, or even selon la charte, none of them would have seen the light; and the whole Sir Hudson Lowe story would have existed only in whispers among court Botherbys and under gaolers, like the cagings, the ironmaskings, and Bastille immurements of ancient France, and the imperial amours and murders of modern Russia. In the present instance, national enmity may undervalue the benefit; but even when this is the case, it will amount to a pitiable excess if it prevent a due appreciation of the power of forming our own estimation of it. Besides, if in ultra opinion Bonaparte was only a dethroned usurper in St. Helena, this same power of suppression might affect a Charles I. at Carisbrook Castle, a Louis at Hartwell, or a Ferdinand at Ceuta,—a consideration which ought to be conclusive; although, if we give in to the sentiment published the other day in the Journal des Debats, it is better for monarchy that kings should lose their heads, than be placed in degrading or ludicrous situations. What heads that are crowned may think of this doctrine we know not; but in the contemplation of such

Pepins as Ferdinand of Spain and John of Portugal, with their ready oaths of every sort of calibre, we are half inclined to subscribe to it.

We need not enter into any account of the two second volumes forming the continuation of the Memoirs of the Reign of Napoleon; because, in the first place, they are strictly in continuation, and partake of all the characteristics of their predecessors; and in the second, extract of any length from works of this nature is scarcely within the plan of this miscellany. In recommendation to our readers, we will observe that we have been most informed by the account of the battle of Aboukir, and the campaign in Egypt in the one volume; and the continuation of Napoleon's notes, on a work intitled "Considerations on the Art of War," in the Historical Miscellanies,—with the latter, being the work of a great master in his own line, more especially.

The Manuscript of 1814 shews the getting up of a more literary hand than those either of Gourgaud or Montholon. It appears to us to be an abstraction from a species of journal either kept by Napoleon, or at his command, and subsequently assuming something like its present form under his direction,—we say something like its present form, for it has doubtless been much modified since his death. It tells the story of his adversity with good taste and simplicity, even if we take for granted that occasional colouring may be apparent. We believe it is the first circumstantial narrative of any pretension, which, on competent authority, gives a clear account of the closing of the European history of Napoleon, in reference to which we shall end our remarks by finding room for one striking passage, illustrative of the too purely military spirit and characteristic loftiness and decision of that extraordinary man. We are to suppose Bonaparte, amidst his officers, receiving the extremity of the bad news which led to his conclusive

These movements on the part of the enemy wonderfully assisted those counsellors who maintained that Napoleon had no alternative but to break his sword. "How," said they, "shall we assemble those wrecks of our army on which dependence seems still to be placed. The different corps are so dispersed that even the generals who are nearest each other are, at least, more than a hundred leagues asunder. How, then, can they be made to act together? And are we, who are here, sure of being able to join them?"

Next arrived the news of the night --- the appearance of the enemy's scouts on the Loire---the occupation of Pithiviers ; --- our communication with Orleans intercepted,

Napoleon listened coolly to all this. He appreciated justly the unequal strength of the net which was represented as being drawn around him, and he promised to

break through it when the proper moment arrived.

"A road that is closed against couriers will soon open before fifty thousand men," said he; and yet notwithstanding his confident tone, it was evident that he hesitated in the execution of his project; being doubtless restrained by a secret dissatisfaction which he could not overcome. He foresaw too well the difference that would exist between his future and his past circumstances.

He who had always commanded great armies, who had never manœuvred but to meet the enemy, who in every battle had been accustomed to decide the fate of a capital or a kingdom, and who had hitherto been accustomed to commence and conclude a war in one campaign, saw that he must henceforth assume the character of partizan leader, an adventurer roaming from province to province, skirmishing and destroying without the hope of attaining any decisive success.

The horrors of civil war also helped to darken the picture which was exhibited to him in the most unfavourable light. But it is vain to attempt to describe this interval of painful anxiety and hesitation. Suffice it to say that those who represented to Napoleon the possible chances of a civil war, had most influence in inducing him to form his resolution. -- "Well, since I must renounce the hope of defending France," cried Napoleon, "does not Italy offer a retreat worthy of me? Will you follow me once more across the Alps?" This proposal was received in profound silence. If at this moment Napoleon had quitted his saloon and entered the hall of the secondary officers, he would have found a host of young men eager to follow where-soever he might lead them! But a step further, and he would have been greeted at the foot of the stairs by the acclamation of all his troops! Napoleon however was swayed by the habits of his reign: He thought success could not attend him if he marched without the great officers whom his Imperial dignity had created. He conceived that General Bonaparte himself could not renew his career without his old train of lieutenants. But they had received his summous in silence! He found himself compelled to yield to their apathy, though not without addressing to them these prophetic words:---"You wish for repose; take it then! Alas! You know not how many troubles and dangers will await you on your beds of down. A few years of that peace which you are about to purchase so dearly, will cut off more of you than the most sanguinary war would have done!"*

Napoleon declared himself to have been subdued less by his enemies than by the defection of his friends; and, taking up his pen, he drew up the second formula of

his abdication in the following terms:---

"The Allied Powers having proclaimed that the Emperor is the only obstacle to the re-establishment of the peace of Europe, the Emperor, faithful to his oath, renounces for himself and his heirs, the thrones of France and Italy, and declares that there is no sacrifice, not even that of life, which he is not ready to make for the interests of France."

Baron Fain was the Secretary of the Imperial Cabinet; if the annotation be his own, it is calm and liberal.

Memorable Days in America; or, Journal of a Tour to the United States, 1818, 1819, 1820. By W. Faux, an English Farmer.

Mr. W. Faux is one of those comprehensive tourists who adopt the form of a diary, and write down their personal adventures at large, without much consideration of relative value. The consequence is, that what is really to be learned from his labours is to be sought for, like Gratiano's wit, amidst a multitudinous assemblage of nothing. This is unfortunate in respect to a journey undertaken to ascertain "the condition and probable prospects of British emigrants;" for few disposed to emigrate can do what the author evidently could not do himselfseparate the wheat from the chaff. We need not say that it is only certain kind of people who can deduce exact information from travellers of this class; amusement is another affair, and in this way our English Farmer is not without his merit; for we have laughed a little with, and an immense deal at, him. The Quarterly Review may be more grave upon the book, seeing that his general impressions are against America; and he abounds in a variety of odd incidents, which prove the infinite inferiority of republicans to honest Englishmen. What strikes us most, is the deficiency in accuracy and clearness in that sort of information which he principally travelled to acquire. On this subject he gives us every thing in generals, and nothing beyond what we knew before. He visited Birkbeck's settlement, and sketches some account of his visit, but conveys little new information, and that little not worth knowing, although the gossips of the former English neighbourhoods of Messrs. Birkbeck and Flower may think differently. In a word, precise information of any kind is not to be expected from our desultory farmer; but stray points may be picked up occasionally, and

^{* &}quot;Seven years have not yet elapsed since these words were uttered, and where now are Berthier, Murat, Ney, Massena, Augereau, Lefebvre, Brune, Serrurier, Kellermann, Perignon, Béurnonville, Clarke, and many others?"

there is no dearth of entertainment, an observation which will not spoil the sale of the book. This work by the bye is prefaced by a list of subscribers, and dedicated, without express permission it seems, to the Duke of Bedford and Mr. Coke. We guess, as Jonathan says, that we know all about it.

MYSTERIES AND MORALITIES.

FOR THE SERIOUS AND THE SIMPLE.

1.

What is Love?—Alas!
'Tis a jest—a sigh,—
Full of sad and sunny tears,
We know not why.

2

What is War?—A game
Where the dicers die,
Some for gain, or glory—some
They know not why.

3.

What is Hope?—It is Life's divinest joy. When all others vanish, that At last, is by.

4.

What is Joy?—a fawn
Which doth ever fly,
Till we touch't, and then it changes
And says "Good bye!"

5.

What is Life?—a dream Full of visions high, Where we seek and never find Until—we die.

6.

What is Death?—Ay, me!
"Touch me not so nigh."
Shall I—may I—can I tell?—
Alas! not I.